

Assassin Crouched And Took Deadly Aim

By REYNOLDS
The assassin crouched in a dusty corner of the main hall of the Texas School Book Depository Building at 411 Elm St. Through a half-open window he watched the Presidential procession through the crowds of 4-power scope. Even in a hundred yards the shooting was easy. The scope brought the President up close. As the motorcade passed the assassin fired. He watched the high-powered rifle's bolt and fired again. He took deliberate aim and fired a third time. "I saw the President turn up ... I knew he was hit," he said. He was hit, Miss Karen Westbrooke, a stenographer for a publishing firm with offices in the School Book Depository Building. With other workers from the office she'd walked into the back of the building to see the motorcade. The assassin made his way from the death window on the southeast corner of the half-century-old, rust-brick building to a rack of school book boxes on the northwest corner of the floor. Here he hid the rifle in stacks of boxed basic readers. "They've shot him ... they've shot the President," screamed a middle-aged man holding the hand of a small boy. The man was weeping. Police Patrolman J. M. Smith, 41, ran to the west side of the building throwing open his holster. Several people had fallen on the grass. Others were ducking behind bridge abutments and bushes. Police Patrolman W. E. Barwick made for the back door of the building. "There must have been 2,000 people in a one-block area here," he said. Confusion ruled. Some people were screaming and crying, smiles were still frozen on the faces of others who had at first

wrote from the killer's muzzle in my hands," said Brennan. "A little later police found the assassin crouching in a dusty corner of the main hall of the Texas School Book Depository Building at 411 Elm St. Through a half-open window he watched the Presidential procession through the crowds of 4-power scope. Even in a hundred yards the shooting was easy. The scope brought the President up close. As the motorcade passed the assassin fired. He watched the high-powered rifle's bolt and fired again. He took deliberate aim and fired a third time. "I saw the President turn up ... I knew he was hit," he said. He was hit, Miss Karen Westbrooke, a stenographer for a publishing firm with offices in the School Book Depository Building. With other workers from the office she'd walked into the back of the building to see the motorcade. The assassin made his way from the death window on the southeast corner of the half-century-old, rust-brick building to a rack of school book boxes on the northwest corner of the floor. Here he hid the rifle in stacks of boxed basic readers. "They've shot him ... they've shot the President," screamed a middle-aged man holding the hand of a small boy. The man was weeping. Police Patrolman J. M. Smith, 41, ran to the west side of the building throwing open his holster. Several people had fallen on the grass. Others were ducking behind bridge abutments and bushes. Police Patrolman W. E. Barwick made for the back door of the building. "There must have been 2,000 people in a one-block area here," he said. Confusion ruled. Some people were screaming and crying, smiles were still frozen on the faces of others who had at first

an empty cold drink bottle. A little later police found the assassin crouching in a dusty corner of the main hall of the Texas School Book Depository Building at 411 Elm St. Through a half-open window he watched the Presidential procession through the crowds of 4-power scope. Even in a hundred yards the shooting was easy. The scope brought the President up close. As the motorcade passed the assassin fired. He watched the high-powered rifle's bolt and fired again. He took deliberate aim and fired a third time. "I saw the President turn up ... I knew he was hit," he said. He was hit, Miss Karen Westbrooke, a stenographer for a publishing firm with offices in the School Book Depository Building. With other workers from the office she'd walked into the back of the building to see the motorcade. The assassin made his way from the death window on the southeast corner of the half-century-old, rust-brick building to a rack of school book boxes on the northwest corner of the floor. Here he hid the rifle in stacks of boxed basic readers. "They've shot him ... they've shot the President," screamed a middle-aged man holding the hand of a small boy. The man was weeping. Police Patrolman J. M. Smith, 41, ran to the west side of the building throwing open his holster. Several people had fallen on the grass. Others were ducking behind bridge abutments and bushes. Police Patrolman W. E. Barwick made for the back door of the building. "There must have been 2,000 people in a one-block area here," he said. Confusion ruled. Some people were screaming and crying, smiles were still frozen on the faces of others who had at first